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Fourteenth Year.

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ELGIN C. HURLBERT

Editor and Proprietor

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PRESS NOTES

James A. Kelley is having a neat cottage built on Rincon Avenue, at the end of Second St.

Mrs. Robert Goddard leaves with her three children to join her husband at Miner, Nevada, where he has charge of the big Sly ranch. George Marshman is also located at Miner, working with Mr. Goddard.

Mrs. W. W. Turney of Virginia City, Nevada, visited her Campbell friends the past week.

A tennis club has been organized by lovers of the sport about Campbell. The Country Woman's Club has leased them a part of the ground adjoining the library and a good court has been constructed, having a splendid wire fence around same. We may soon expect to see some exciting game played there.

Mr. and Mrs. Grundy and family who came here from South Dakota several months ago, have bought a ranch at Modesto and will remove there soon.

Luther Willett of San Juan visited his relatives here the past week. He has sold his San Juan ranch and will remove to Modesto to take charge of W. C. Cutting's place.

Miss Grace Taylor of Minnesota visited Miss Mary Lewis recently.

H. W. Lewis of Sonoma county spent last Sunday with his family here.

J. Rodeck, Sr., in company with his son John, came up from Santa Cruz and visited over the Sabbath at the home of S. G. Rodeck. On Monday they left for Petaluma.

Mrs. M. Palmer has been seriously ill for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holmes have removed to the Zoncius house on South First street.

Everett Campbell of Oakland spent Sunday of last week with his parents here. He is traveling for a wholesale jewelry house and the territory covered is between San Francisco and Los Angeles. Everett has a good position.

F. O. Putnam of Sunnyvale visited relatives here a few days ago.

Elmarie Hurlbert gave a birthday party to a few young friends last Wednesday afternoon in honor of her twelfth birthday.

Mrs. J. C. Ainsley visited her sister, Mrs. Chas. West, at Metz, a few days ago.

John Strong has sold his house on Central avenue to Mrs. Ellen R. Herbert of San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard of the Los Gatos road have moved into the house next to James Relfe on Central avenue.

The date of the Ladies' Aid Society bazaar has been changed from April 17th to April 10th.

Miss Nina Howard, who has been critically ill, is recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. George Segress of Visalia visited recently with Mrs. L. F. Shaw. Mrs. Segress is a niece of Mrs. Shaw and will spend some time in this valley.

Miss Selleck has been on the sick list, but is now improving.

The Moreland Good Will Club.

The ladies of the Moreland Good Will Club met at the home of Mrs. Taggart on Miller avenue, March 11th. Roll call was responded to by quotations from H. B. Stowe. After a lively business meeting the following program was given: "Our Southern Authors," Mrs. Hiatt; "Life of H. B. Stowe," Mrs. Owen; reading, Mrs. Brown.

The many friends of Mrs. G. Ranger will regret to learn that she is in a critical condition and death may be expected at any moment.

A baby girl was born last week to Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Hessner.

Frank Inconsistency.

John Hunter, one of the pioneers in the practice of medicine over a century ago, was absolutely blind to any theory unsupported by facts. While many men were guessing out things he was seeking to prove them.

"I love to think," he said to one of his colleagues, though he afterward qualified the statement by an almost contradictory one: "But why think? Why not make the experiment?"

Like other men of real genius, he was not afraid of seeming inconsistent. Sir Astley Cooper once asked him, with some surprise, if he had not once stated an opinion directly at variance with one he had just put forth, and he replied:

"Very likely. I hope I grow wiser every year."

Again a pupil inquired if he had not written to a certain effect.

"Never ask me what I have said," he returned, "or what I have written. But if you ask me what my present opinions are I will tell you."

Sometimes, too, he would say to pupils who were taking down notes: "You had better not write down that observation. Very likely I shall think differently next year."

Women to Blame For Financial Trouble.

By IDA M. TARBELL, Author of "The History of the Standard Oil Company," "The Life of Abraham Lincoln," Etc.

IT would not be far out of the way to say that woman's chief economical function is SPENDING MONEY, but the American woman has not learned to exercise this important function SATISFACTORILY. Her usual plan is to take all the money she can get and spend as she happens to.

I THINK IF WE SHOULD ANALYZE THE CAUSE OF MOST FINANCIAL PANICS HERE WE SHOULD FIND THAT THEY WERE CAUSED BY THE FAILURE OF AMERICAN WOMEN TO SPEND THEIR MONEY WISELY AND WELL.

The consumer is ALL IMPORTANT. Nothing can live without the help of the consumer. Even by their unconscious acts we can see what can be accomplished. When the prices of beef were so high the consumers refused to eat it, and as a result it was found necessary to put the prices down. If that is so WHEN THEY ACT UNCONSCIOUSLY, what wrongs cannot be righted when they are organized and act INTELLIGENTLY?



Restrictions Still Needed In Insurance Business.

By Governor CHARLES E. HUGHES of New York.

WE are all seeking to get in every department of life a larger life, a more ample income, comforts and a participation in all that our civilization makes possible. That is Americanism, THAT IS WHAT EVERY BOY THINKS OF WHEN HE STARTS OUT IN THE WORLD, what every man wants, and no one would set a limit to the LEGITIMATE effort except this: That in every line of business what is paid must have proportion to what that business can stand, and the whole question of life insurance as to what is paid is NOT THE VOLUME OF BUSINESS that can be written, not the glowing report that can be spread with impressive totals as to the results of a year which sound great to the men who don't know, but what it will HONESTLY mean to the men who do know, because the payments are compatible with the interests of the business and of those who depend on it.

And so it is that certain restrictions were imposed. Some say: "Throw them down. Leave the doors wide open. The insurance business is REFORMED. There will be no difficulty of the sort previously encountered."

HUMAN NATURE HAS NOT CHANGED EITHER IN OR OUT OF THE INSURANCE BUSINESS. THE CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION HAVE NOT CHANGED. THE NATURAL STRUGGLE FOR FIRST PLACE IS THE SAME. THE GREAT THING IS TO TRY TO HAVE RESTRICTIONS WHICH ARE NEEDED, TO HAVE THEM FAIR.

There has not been any legislation that I know anything about in many years that has received so much attention and has had the benefit of such EXPERT consideration on the part of insurance men as the legislation in New York state.

If there is anything wrong, let experience demonstrate it. But it seems to me a MISTAKEN POLICY TO THROW DOWN THE BARRIERS which are erected, not for the purpose of preventing men from getting insurance, not for the purpose of preventing those who are soliciting insurance to secure what they should fairly receive, but to require all to work under conditions which mean "FAIR PLAY TO ALL INTERESTS" and an absolute prevention of the recurrence of those evils which the business cannot stand.

Teddy Bear's New Year Resolutions.



RESOLVED—That throughout this year 1908 I will try to be good and do good; that I will try to help myself and help others; that I will stand by the old town and the home people and help to boom the burg.

RESOLVED—That from January to December, inclusive, I will quit dissipating—quit dissipating my dollars by taking them out of circulation here around home and sending them to the big cities to buy the things that I can buy and ought to buy right here in town.

RESOLVED—That I will stop smoking—stop smoking pipe dream dope suggesting big bargains to be had, unsight unseen, from the gigantic stores in the gigantic cities, and go around among the stores here at home looking for bargains that are there to be seen with the naked eye.

RESOLVED—That I will patronize, by preference, the stores that advertise in the home paper and therefore have enterprise enough to tell the people what they've got in stock.
(Signed) TEDDY BEAR.

Br'er Rabbit: "Say, Teddy, that last resolution is the goods, all right."

RUNAWAYS.

When you were just a little chap,
About as tall as "so,"
Sometimes your skies grew very dark,
And you were full of woe.
And you were prone to run away
And leave no trace nor track;
But oh, when night came on how glad
You were to wander back.

You got out where the woods were dense
And everything was strange;
You had a nameless dread of what
Lay far beyond the range.
And so you turned your tearful face
To the old chimney stack;
And how much more secure you felt
When you were going back.

Again, when you were in your teens,
Headstrong, as boys will be,
When you and your stern parents failed
At something to agree,
You packed up in a huff and left,
For where, you had no ken,
Declaring you would ne'er return
Beneath their roof again.

But by and by you softened down
And thought of home and friends,
And, rushing back at close of day,
You sought to make amends.
Ah! friends are friends, and home is home,
In palace, cot or shack;
And though, sometimes, we run away,
It's good to wander back!
—New York Sun.

ZOLIME WIER

"The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him." With bowed heads and in stately silence the congregation stood in the presence of the Lord of Hosts. Most silent of them all, her soul scarcely stirred by the oft-repeated lines of the familiar service, stood Zolime Wier. The opening sentence fell upon her ears only as the music of a well beloved voice. If she heard in the first selection but the melody of his rich, full tones, the second touched her with soul-awakening power. "Render your hearts and not your garments," echoed again and again through her weary mind. "Render your hearts! Render your hearts!" and the cruel words seemed like a rebuke from heaven, "Render your hearts!"

These three words opened for her the beginning of a tremendous struggle, and she was glad enough to bury her face in her hands as the voices around her joined in the general confession. One sentence of it only could she reiterate, "We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts."

Will the service never end. But at last Zolime was in her own room trying to meet the situation fairly, for she was no sentimental weakling.

Six months before her cousin had made the acquaintance that a clerical friend of his was coming for a short visit and that he should depend upon her to assist in entertaining him.

"Oh, Joe! why must any of your college chums have taken orders? Young parsons are always a sentimental lot, and bound to get spoony or sentimental over every good-looking or stylish girl they meet."

"Possibly, Miss Zolime, you are reckoning without your host this time. I warrant the young gentleman to be fancy free, but I doubt if even your subtle fascinations will find a vulnerable point in his heart. He has been plunged all over in a sea of indifference, so, my pretty cousin, you may lay aside your Cupid's arrows, break your bow and throw away the pieces, for he will look with wondering ignorance at your wiles, and your arrows will fall from him as harmless as did those of the Bifuscarians from the spectacles of Gulliver."

"Yes, but if I remember rightly, even their tiny shafts made him smart a little and he was obliged to resort to the soothing effect of Lilliputian ointment. If we women cannot take by storm, we have a hundred ways of tormenting the enemy. But you need not worry. I am not sighing for new conquests. Really, Joe, I am sick of the whole thing. Men seem to think that a woman cannot be entertained unless she is made love to, and in your friend I fear another of the same sort only concealed a trifle by a voluminous surplice."

"We shall see, my fair cousin. In the meantime, shall I tell you what manner of man he is?"

"No, I don't want all my fun spoiled by knowing all about him in advance, although, if he is not a flirt, he probably looks upon all women as intellectual inferiors. He will think Mrs. Holmes and Bertha Clay about the measure of my mind. If I mention a book a trifle higher in literary value, he will look in surprise, and if I speak of Homer, I can hear him politely asking what translation I read. I know the type."

Such was her preconceived opinion of Charles Hollen. The following evening she had forgotten all about her prejudice in the charming conversation in which the three were engaged. She had taken in at a glance the nobility of his bearing. His was a character that attracted all natures upon their better side, and Zolime, in his presence, poured forth the wealth of her intellect as she had never done before. The call had begun in the drawing room, but the three were soon in the library pulling down books in their eager discussions. They soon lost their own individuality in the wealth of literature around them, and time sped as in a dream.

When Zolime was at last alone, she

found herself in a state of intellectual intoxication never before experienced. With the writings of the masters strewn around her, she felt as though she had been bidden to a feast of the gods and the wine of wisdom had gone to her head. Thought after thought, aspiration after aspiration, chased each other in rapid succession through her brain until it was one whirl of unsatisfied longings. She had measured her mind with a masculine one of no mean ability and it had not been found wanting. But her exultation was soon lessened when she thought that the delights of this evening might never be repeated. Joe's social duties were many, and as he would doubtless take his friend wherever he went, this would be a solitary white stone day.

But the next morning brought a characteristic note from Joe, in which he threw himself upon her for assistance:

"To-night I am engaged to the Thomases for cards, and I can't take the parson. To-morrow the Moores—more cards. Wednesday I have in the clear. Thursday is the masquerade, and although David danced before the ark, I cannot prevail upon his reverence to go. Friday I shall take him to the Hesperus Club and somewhere else on Saturday, but three nights I must leave him. Come to my rescue and so be numb his senses that he will forget my dancing, card-playing proclivities. Do this and I will serve you forever."

For one week she lived in an intellectual revel, forgetful of the past, regardless of the future. But when Charles Hollen was gone she knew that much had gone out of her days.

A few weeks later, the continued failing health of the rector demanded that he should rest. A thrill of joy shot through Zolime's heart when Joe brought the news that Charles Hollen was to fill the vacancy. All this was months ago, and Sunday after Sunday she had followed his melodious voice through the service and had hung upon the eloquence of his words. Day after day she had felt the molding influence



"YOU ARE THE CONQUEROR."

of his mind in the hours they spent together.

This afternoon she stood face to face with the problem.

"Am I a coward?" she cried, springing to her feet. "Have I scorned the influence of men to have my heart stolen away by one who does not offer his in return? I love him, but I thank heaven that I have been strong enough to conceal that love. I begged him to meet me on an equal footing, to put away all sentiment and let me, for once, enjoy a high, intellectual feast untrammelled by other considerations. Well, I have feasted, and I am brave enough to starve myself into a healthy condition of mind and heart. My strong body will be a good ally and I propose to begin the process at once."

II.

"Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer." This time the lofty arch of Westminster Abbey lifted itself above the worshiping few. Among them stood Zolime Wier. A year had passed since that morning service which had aroused her to self-consciousness, and had sent her out upon her struggle. The year had been spent in close study in Germany and France, and she is returning home with her heart fortified by additional intellectual culture. The sturdy Germans of Hanover have taught her patience and quiet submission while they opened to her the wealth of their language, and there is much still in her life if Charles Hollen is left out of it. No vain regrets make her unhappy. She has gone steadily and quietly on, reaching out for the nearest good, and if an unexpressed longing sometimes rises, she is happy and content.

Her mother and Cousin Joe had met her in Paris. Together they had traveled through Scotland and England. They had done London thoroughly, and this morning she had come for a last look at her beloved Westminster.

Arriving there just in time for service, Zolime had expressed a desire to attend, so she had slipped into one of the seats, while Joe had passed on, promising to meet her in Poets' Corner when service was over.

Surrounded by all the touching reminders of ages past, breathing the atmosphere made sacred by generations of kings, sages, poets and philosophers, her heart was filled with content by the sanctifying influences.

"O Lord, open thou our lips," "And our mouths shall show forth thy praise."

Zolime starts and looks about her with eager, searching gaze. Is there another voice in the world that can thrill her being thus?

Eagerly her quick eye scans the as-

sembly, but nowhere does she see a familiar face.

"Zolime Wier," she said under her breath. "Have you fought a year to be thus disturbed by a chance resemblance in the voice of a stranger?"

The organ peals forth an anthem and the air is filled with music breathing from every corner of the vast edifice, until it seems like the deep respiration of some gigantic spirit whose body is the abbey.

When the last echoes die away in the vaulted room, Zolime, unwilling to bear longer the restraint of the service, glides from her place and wanders among the tombs of the mighty dead. Treading her way among the dingy monuments of departed glory, thinking only of her own struggle, she mounts the steps which lead to Edward the Confessor's chapel. Her listless feet lead her before the coronation chair of England, beneath which rests the stone of Scone.

"Oh, Scotland!" she says, "you fought nobly, but you could not withstand the strength of England. So I have struggled, Charles Hollen, to drive you out of the kingdom of my heart, and, like Scotland, I have failed. England has the stone of Scone, but, thank heaven, my conqueror has not a single token by which he could prove his conquest."

"But I have come now to claim my right as victor and to demand yourself as the one token of my conquest."

She turns to meet the eager look of Charles Hollen.

"You certainly have not shown yourself a very valiant fighter, and I doubt if he who has never struck a blow is entitled to any trophy of victory," replied Zolime with a calmness which she was far from feeling.

"Zolime," he said, advancing a step toward her. "Let us fence no longer. You are the conqueror and I bow before the only woman who ever held my heart captive."

"You certainly have kept your secret admirably," replied Zolime.

"Yes, I have kept it a secret almost from myself. I have tried to make myself believe that I did not love you, for I was too proud to admit that my heart had been touched by a woman I thought a flirt."

"And in spite of that opinion you still wish to become the central pendant of my Cupid's necklace?" said Zolime, laughingly.

"Zolime, be serious," she said with earnest look. "We have both guarded our secret well, but Joe has been shrewd enough to see the whole truth, while each of us saw only half of it. He and I came from America together, and during the voyage we naturally fell into confidences. When he met you in Paris he was not long in discovering that you had crossed the ocean to forget me. At his bidding I came to London. The rest is clear to you."

Eyes looked deep into eyes that saw only truth, and the past was rolled away as a scroll.

They found Joe standing in profound meditation before the monument to Shakespeare.

"I have waited here," he said as they approached, "until I had decided that as this inscription says, you had dissolved and like this insubstantial pageant faded, and left not a rack behind."

"That is what has happened to our misunderstandings," replied Charles Hollen, and they all passed out into the sunshine.—Waverley Magazine.

AN OLD TIME ASCENT.

London's First Balloon and the Great Excitement It Raised.

Tremendous excitement was caused when London's first balloon went up. The balloon, manned by a young Italian named Vincent Lunardi, ascended from Moorfields, then an open space of ground, on Sept. 15, 1784, in the presence of more than 100,000 spectators. All business was suspended, the king himself setting the example by adjourning a cabinet council that happened to be sitting. Vast crowds followed the balloon's course, some on horseback, in carts, in chaises, but mostly on foot. The Great North road, above which the aeronaut sailed for some distance, was a roaring river of humanity.

Many were hurt in the crush, but the only fatality recorded was the death from fright of an old country woman, who, coming out of her cottage to see what the excitement was about, beheld the balloon just above her head. On the other hand, Lunardi undoubtedly saved the man's life, a jury bringing in a verdict of not guilty on a notorious highwayman in front of that they, the prisoner and the judge who was trying the case might rush out of court to see the balloon.

The aeronaut descended eventually near Ware, in Hertfordshire, where his sudden drop from the clouds was the cause of more astonishment and excitement. Many of the spectators swooned with fear, while others urged the putting of Lunardi to death there and then on the ground that he must needs be a sorcerer and in league with the evil one.

Motor Heart.

Yeast—Do you think automobiles affect the heart?

Crimsonbank—I know they do. I've felt mine jump many a time when I've been crossing the street in front of one. —Yonkers Statesman.

Easily Surmised.

Medium—I see a large dark obstacle rising suddenly in your way. Railroad Magnate—I guess that's my coal stock. —Baltimore American.

All the world loves a winner—with the exception of the loser.



Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

CITY MEN AS FARMERS.



REAT is the debt of gratitude due the man who makes money in trade or professionally and spends it on farming as a fad. He is laughed at by the real yeomanry as one to whom the proper purpose and value of ready cash are unknown, and who scatters it on fantastic experiments; but the amateur takes his own course and enjoys it more than his critics imagine. A city's most energetic population is recruited from the farms, and the old merchant or practitioner, as a rule, craves the country when he retires. The passion is strong even among those born in cities, and if they want to amuse themselves with little extravagances on the soil they ought to have sympathetic encouragement. It is seldom that farming is attempted on Monte Cristo principles, but surely it is better to scatter a million on the soil than to see it lapped up by brokers in a single night. Occasionally a wizard in selecting and crossing plants comes along and causes the world to marvel by the new varieties he produces and the old ones he improves. Inventors who have never lived out of a city street constantly add to the machinery that places American agriculture far in the lead. Give the city farmer the glad hand. The money he "fools away" is not barren. He finds health and zest, if nothing more, in the operation.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE QUESTION OF COPYRIGHT.



URING the last two sessions of Congress the question of copyright has come up in all its old complexities and with some new difficulties. The attempt to secure longer copyright for the authors of books has been practically confused with the question of musical copyright in relation to phonograph records and the rolls used in mechanical pianos.

Under both these practical questions, which must be decided separately, lies the fundamental theory of copyright. Copyright, like trade-mark or patent right, is an artificial monopoly, determined not by "natural" justice, but by arbitrary statute. The man who makes a machine or an attractive name for soap or a novel asks the public to give him exclusive use of his idea, in order that he may profit. The public grants him this exclusive use, not for his sake, but for its own sake. The idea is that such special protection encourages men to produce ideas.

The words of the American Constitution express clearly the attitude of the government—that is, the public toward the individual. Congress is empowered "to promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive rights to their respective writings and discoveries." In this the emphasis is on the welfare of the public, the progress of the art and science, and not on the well-being of the individual.

The individual may ask the public to secure to himself and his descendants the profit of an idea for a hundred



"They need an extension of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals out in Alaska," said the married man. "They ought to appoint branches in the backwoods of Canada and in Siberia and every other place where there is a fur-bearing animal. It's simply fearful the cruelties to which the hunters and trappers resort to obtain the skins that you women seem to think so much of. I've been reading about it."

"Dear me!" remarked his wife. "Is that so?"

"Yes, that is so," replied the married man. "It's funny about that, too. They call yours the 'gentle sex' and here you are instigating cruelties that would make an old Spanish inquisitor blush and shed tears of pity."

"I wouldn't talk nonsense if I were you," said his wife. "It's all right to call it nonsense," said the married man. "You wouldn't call it nonsense if you saw a horse being beaten, even if it was balking out of pure cussedness. You'd hustle around to find a policeman; but I'd like to hear of one of you sympathizing with a silver fox or mink. Just imagine! Here's a pretty little silver fox trotting along through the forest enjoying life in its own fashion when on a sudden a sharp report rings out and the innocent, harmless creature falls writhing in its death agonies on the snow. That's a nice thing to think about, isn't it? One moment full of life and happiness and the next the prey of some brutal half-breed, who probably will spend for whisky the money he gets for the pelt. That's encouraging the cause of temperance, too, I suppose."

"He might buy salt pork with it, mightn't he?" asked the man's wife.

"Would that make it any pleasanter for the fox?" demanded the married man. "That's the way a woman reasons. Here's another thing. The half-breed may not kill the little creature outright. He may merely wound it and then it limps off, leaving a crimson trail behind it, to die a lingering death either starve or are killed and eaten by some prowling beast. I should think the maternal instinct would prevent you from countenancing such horrors, if nothing else would."

"I think you are perfectly ridiculous. Isn't a fox a beast of prey?"

"Suppose it is," retorted the married man. "A tom cat is a beast of prey and you were throwing a fit the other day because a boy was stoning one. A beast of prey has its feelings just the same as any other beast. How would you like to have a steel trap smash into your ankle, crushing the bone and lacerating the skin, and then have to stay where you were caught for hours, perhaps for days, suffering the most excruciating pain and tormented with hunger and thirst, until some man came along and knocked you on the head with club?"

"I shouldn't like it at all," admitted the man's wife.

"Then you might have some pity on the poor fox," said the married man, severely. "Of course you don't go out with a gun and kill it yourself. You are too tenderhearted for that, you women; but you are quite willing to encourage the half-breed to do it for you. If it wasn't for the demand that your vanity creates there wouldn't be any such cruelties. It really shocks me to think about it. That article made a deep impression on me."

"I think you misunderstood me," said the man's wife. "I don't want you to get me a silver fox set of furs. Certainly not. I know you aren't in any position now to buy anything as extravagant as that."

"I thought you did," said the married man, in a mollified tone. "As long as you don't, though, I take it all back."

"A good marten will be rather more within our means," said the man's wife. "I don't want to be unreasonable. The price is so much less that your sufferings over the death of the beast will not be very severe."—Chicago Daily News.

Specious.

"It is whispered that you use money to insure your election," said the censorious friend.

"Now, look here," said Senator Sorghum, in a tone of vexation. "I can't please everybody. And whatever happens I shall be in a position to prove that I didn't board all my money."—Washington Star.

A man who flatters generally seeks flattery for himself.

years. Society replies, in effect, "We do not care about you or your family. How can we get the most out of you? How can we coax and encourage you to produce your best, and at the same time have use of your ideas with the least profitable restriction?"

To determine where to draw the line, how long copyright shall endure, how long a patent shall live, is a question of psychology. The effort of law should be to cut the term down as low as reasonable generosity and the facts of human nature will permit.—Youth's Companion.

LIFE CHEAPER THAN COAL.



THE facts officially shown by the investigation of the Department of the Interior concerning the cost in human lives of coal mining in this country are such as call for drastic action, and at once. We cannot afford to be distinguished in the industrial world as the nation which holds life of least moment in securing our coal. It must not be at such a price that we carry on our great industries and get the coal to make our homes comfortable. The effect of the continuance of such revelations of slaughter as the investigations show, as the reports of the past fortnight from the mines show, will in the first place be to stigmatize the nation as the cruelest on earth. * * * For there is no good reason why coal mining in this country should not be safer than in any other, instead of more hazardous. The best talent of invention and improvement is at our command. If we should but make the most of what we already have conditions would be much better. But there should be no remission of effort until the work is taken out of the realm of hazard and made only a little more risky and less unhealthy than factory work. This is possible, and would have been achieved long ago had there been as careful and persistent and compelling inspection for the few years past as there is likely to be for the years to come. If the result shall be a prompt and saving inspection now, not all of these dead will have died in vain.—New Haven Register.

QUEER JUSTICE.



THIS is the simple tale of brother and sister, living on Staten Island, within a half hour's journey of New York City Hall: Feeling the financial depression, they coveted their brother-in-law's life insurance. Brother-in-law himself was an obstacle, wherefore they hired a needy person, temporarily out of work, to remove the obstructive relative by knocking him on the head. In a moment of weakness their employe informed upon them. They were arrested, put on trial for conspiracy to murder, and confessed. Thereupon justice vindicated its majesty by sentencing the brother to ten months in jail and paroling the sister. Thoughtful sociologists who study America's abnormally high murder rate should take account of this case.—Collier's Weekly.

WHAT HE WENT AFTER.

The Office Boy Gave the Business Caller Some Information.

The big bell in the city hall tower had just banged forth the noon hour, and the office buildings were emptying throngs of workers into the streets to fill the lunch rooms.

In an elaborate office, seated in a large chair, with his feet comfortably resting on the edge of the manager's desk, was Plugsy, the office boy of Janworth & Co., brokers, says Lippincott's Magazine. His head was cocked on one side, and with evident relish he was puffing a huge cigar which his employer had neglected to finish.

Suddenly the door opened, and Mr. Whiff, a client of the firm, rushed in. "Where's Mr. Janworth?" he demanded excitedly.

"What's this?" said Plugsy, slowly removing the cigar from the far corner of his mouth.

"I want Mr. Janworth right away. Where is he?" repeated Whiff.

Just then the bell of a fire engine clanged below, and Plugsy leisurely rose and walked to the window.

"Gee," he said thoughtfully, "people do get skeered o' them fire carts, all right, all right!" Turning around, he continued: "Boss ain't in. I'm runnin' th' business just now. Want any quotations or—"

"No, you idiot!" yelled the client. "Where has he gone—downstairs?"

"Yep."

"Will he be back after lunch?"

"Naw," yawned the future firm; "that's what he went out after."

The Crafty Brother.

A man had two sons. The elder was virtuous and dutiful, the younger wicked and crafty. When the father was about to die, he called them before him and said: "I have only two things of value—my herd of camels and my blessing. How shall I allot them?"

"Give to me," said the younger son, "thy blessing, for it may reform me. The camels I should be sure to sell and squander the money."

The elder, disguising his joy, said that he would try to be content with the camels and a pious mind. It was so arranged, and the man died. Then the wicked younger son went before the cad and said: "Behold, my brother has defrauded me of my lawful heritage. He is so bad that our father, as is well known, denied him his blessing. Is it likely that he gave him the camels?"

So the elder brother was compelled to give up the herd and was soundly bastinadoed for his rapacity.

"We are having an argument about the financial situation," said one of two men to a reporter to-day. "If there is no prospect of a fight," said the reporter, "I will not wait."

LATE HAPPENINGS ALONG THE COAST

Interesting Items of News From
Those States that Border
the Broad Pacific.

Current Events Among Your Neighbors in
the Far West Gathered by Mail and
Telegraph and Presented in
Kaleidoscopic Array.

Oakland.—Despondent because his wife was afflicted with incurable heart disease, Frank E. Davey, a Southern Pacific clerk, shot and killed himself.

Seattle.—John F. Miller, Republican candidate for Mayor, has been elected, defeating William Hickman Moore, the incumbent. The City Council will be solidly Republican.

Vallejo.—What might have been a disastrous fire broke out in the furnace room of the Vacaville High School, but was extinguished before it had gained any headway. The pupils in the different classrooms were greatly excited.

Mill Valley.—The Outdoor Art Club of this place, the membership list of which comprises the names of many of the most prominent society women in this section of Marin County, is making a fight against impure milk, also dairies which are not up to the standard.

Carson, Nev.—The Ormsby County Grand Jury filed indictments against every director, the cashier and the assistant cashier of the defunct State Bank. The evidence that called forth the indictments was that which showed the withdrawal of personal accounts by the directors after they knew the bank to be insolvent.

Washington.—Contracts have been awarded for two fifty horsepower gas engines and apparatus to make gas from crude oil at a total cost of \$8000 for the Yuma irrigation project. The plant is to be in operation in ninety days and it is expected that 10,000 acres near Yuma will be irrigated by pumps during 1908.

San Rafael.—By the action of the County Board of Supervisors it is practically certain that the famous old Fairfax summit road will be abandoned owing to the tremendous cost of reducing the present grade. It is probable that the Coast road via Willow Camp will be placed in serviceable condition and utilized instead.

Globe, Ariz.—Six young men who took part in an "athletic smoker" have been held to await the action of the Federal Grand Jury for violating a Federal statute prohibiting prize-fighting. The action of Commissioner Martin is taken not because they were prize-fighters, as they were only sparring bouts, but because an admission fee was charged.

Reno, Nev.—Several hundred sheep were killed in the stockyards of R. W. Parry as the result of an onslaught and stampede caused by a band of stray dogs breaking through the fence. The dogs caused a stampede, driving the animals into one corner of the corral, where they were piled up six feet high. About 200 were smothered and many were killed by the dogs.

Vallejo.—A Government inspector started to pull down life preservers over the heads of a funeral party aboard the steamer El Capitán just after she left South Vallejo and caused a panic among the passengers. The women became excited, thinking an accident had occurred and the boat was going down. The crew had difficulty in calming the passengers.

San Francisco.—The Populists of California will meet in this city on March 27 for the purpose of electing delegates to attend the Populist party national convention at St. Louis April 2. The call has been issued by D. P. Rise of Occidental, chairman, and A. J. Jones of Parlier, secretary of the State Committee. All who are interested in the principles of Populism are invited to attend.

Los Angeles.—Six residents of Los Angeles indicted in connection with the Oregon land frauds have instituted proceedings in the Federal Court before Commissioner Van Dyke to prevent their removal to Oregon for trial. Owing to the probable delay in the arrival of witnesses and to the fact that a series of motions to dismiss will be made, the proceedings will probably occupy a week or more. The defendants are all prominent business men of this city.

San Francisco.—At a banquet of the Sons of the American Revolution the statement was made by the presiding officer that in all California there is not a monument, memorial or tablet commemorating George Washington. The statement came as such a surprise to the guests present that a subscription was started, which realized \$170. It was further resolved to start immediately a movement under the auspices of the California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution for the erection of such a monument.

PINCHOT APPEALS FOR FORESTS.

Declares They Must Be Protected or Country Will Soon Be Woodless.

New York.—Announcing that there was no issue before the American people so important in his judgment, as the conservation of natural resources, urged upon congress by President Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot, forester of the Department of Agriculture, told 1500 people at a meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers that a timber famine in this country was imminent and that unless there was a great change in public sentiment the country would have to face in a few years the problem of how to do without wood.

At the present rate of consumption, he said, the trees now standing could supply timber for twenty years. There have already been set aside in the West 165,000,000 acres of forest lands protected by the government. "But this represents only one-fifth of the timber the people of this nation own," added the speaker, "and steps to protect all such property from the rapid destruction now in progress cannot be taken too soon."

Wanted to Be "Oslerized."

New York.—John Coe, who described himself as a clerk out of employment, applied at Bellevue Hospital to be "Oslerized." He said that he had outlived his usefulness and that recent experiences with chemicals had destroyed all the organs of his body save his lungs. He expressed great admiration for Dr. Osler and asked to be chloroformed in connection with the ideas which he had heard attributed to him. He was taken to the psychopathic ward for observation as to his sanity.

Mrs. John Martin Faces Prison.

Oakland.—After a seven-hour session, the Alameda County Grand Jury found an indictment against Mrs. John Martin for attempting to dynamite the home of Superior Judge F. B. Ogden on the night of March 13, 1907. Her bail was fixed at \$50,000. "Baby John" was exonerated from all blame and connection with the explosion to which he confessed, it being determined that he was forced to act under threats of death by Mrs. Martin.

Officials Prepare for Reds.

Chicago.—Following the attack on Chief of Police Shippy, the high authorities in the city and local branches of the State government made preparations to protect themselves from a repetition of the assassination attempt. All purchased revolvers and prepared to resist any personal violence on the part of any person whose enmity they might incur by the performance of their duties.

Eight Millions for Mine.

Chihuahua, Mexico.—Negotiations of Charles M. Schwab and associates to buy the famous Potosi mine in Santa Eulalia district are practically concluded. The consideration is given as \$8,000,000 gold. It is one of the biggest mining transactions ever made in Mexico. It is said that Schwab's recent visit to England and France had to do with the pending transaction.

Indictments for Fraud Dismissed.

Roswell, N. M.—In the United States District Court here, on motion of the Government attorney, all the indictments against C. L. E. R. and B. H. Tallmadge, brothers, charged with land frauds, were dismissed by Judge William E. Pope. Several cases heretofore tried on pleas of abatement and on their merits had been decided in favor of the defendants.

Government Denounces Oil Company.

Fresno.—The postal authorities have created a stir in business circles about the Coalinga oil district by denouncing as fraudulent the Mount Hamilton Land and Oil Company. The disclosure was made through letters received at the postoffice in Coalinga. These letters had stamped across them "Fraudulent; returned to the sender."

Bank President Indicted.

New Orleans.—William Adler, formerly president of the State National Bank of New Orleans, has been indicted for "misapplying national bank funds." Adler is now supposed to be somewhere in Central America.

Heavy Storm on the Irish Coast.

London.—A violent gale swept the coasts of the British isles one day last week. There were numerous wrecks of small craft. Most of them were on the east coast of Ireland. Altogether about twenty lives have been lost.

Breaks a World's Speed Record.

Ormond, Fla.—M. G. Bernin in a 60 horsepower French car completed 100 miles in 72 minutes 56.15 seconds, breaking the world's record of 75 minutes 40.25 seconds.

THE FAKE FOLLOWS THE FLEET.



DECISION OF SUPREME COURT MAY GIVE SCHMITZ LIBERTY

San Francisco.—In a decision rendered Monday, the Supreme Court of the State of California upholds the decision of the District Court of Appeals in the "extortion" case of Eugene E. Schmitz and denied the petition of Attorney-General Webb and the members of the graft prosecution for a rehearing.

The Supreme Court based its decision on two predominating points.

1.—That to constitute the crime of extortion committed by means of any threat to injure property of the person threatened the injury threatened must be itself be unlawful, irrespective of whether or not the purpose for which the threat was made was to obtain money to which the person threatened is not entitled.

2.—That the indictment does not aver that Schmitz was mayor or that Ruef was a political boss or that either of them had any power or control over the police commissioners or that they threatened to use any such power, influence or control in preventing the issuance of a license.

The Supreme Court holds in its decision that the threat of Schmitz against the restaurant keepers by which he levied tribute, did not constitute the necessary "unlawful injury" that within the law means extortion.

Ruef threatened to have the police commissioners take away the retail liquor license and this the decision holds the commissioners could do lawfully, and the fact of Schmitz' persuading the board to take this action did not constitute an unlawful act and therefore did not come within the legal definition of extortion.

The opinion of the court takes up

less than 3000 words and expresses the decision of the highest body in the State as a unit.

The Supreme Court's decision holds: That there is no merit in the contention that the appeal was taken prematurely.

That the District Court of Appeal was correct in its conclusion that the indictment was insufficient in that it did not show that the specific injury to the property of the restaurant keepers threatened by the defendant was an "unlawful injury."

The decision discusses at length what is meant by the term "unlawful injury." It states that in the case at bar the indictment charges that the defendant threatened the restaurant keepers that if money was not paid in he would prevent them from obtaining a retail liquor license. It holds that it is not stated that the defendant proposed to do this by "duress, menace, fraud or undue influence," and that it is not a case where it is sufficient to charge an offense in the language of the statutes defining it.

The decision holds also that the original indictment was inadequate in that it did not specify definitely the exact positions and relations of Schmitz and Ruef.

How the decision affects Ruef: The decision aids Ruef in the "extortion" cases. The prosecution, however, intends pressing the other charges against both defendants.

How it affects the prosecution: The prosecution is determined to leave no stone unturned to bring Ruef, Schmitz and others to justice. They claim to be undaunted by the decision, and will take up the battle with renewed vigor.

EVANS WILL REIGN SUPREME OVER GREAT AMERICAN FLEET

Washington.—Even if congress fails to create the grade of vice admiral in the navy for the benefit of Rear Admiral Bob Evans in recognition of his services, dating back to the civil war, including the Cuban campaign in the Spanish-American war and the successful navigation of the waters around South America with the Atlantic fleet, he will at least have the honor, before his retirement August 18, of having under his command a greater and more formidable naval armada than has ever fallen to the lot of any other one man except British officers in the English channel and the Mediterranean.

For the time Admiral Evans remains in command of the Atlantic fleet Admiral Dayton will be directly under him. In the two fleets there will be between 43 to 45 warships. Joint maneuvers will take place between the two fleets. It is hoped by the navy department that Admiral Evans may be given the increased rank, more fitting the commander of the two big fleets.

It now is stated that the Atlantic fleet will not reach San Francisco before the second week in May. Target practice cannot well be concluded before April 15 or 20, and three weeks or more, it was said, would be consumed making the journey up the coast on account of the visits to be made to San Diego, San Pedro, Santa Barbara and Monterey.

CANAL DIGGERS ESTABLISH RECORD FOR RAPID WORK

Washington.—Up to March 1, 29,444,934 cubic yards of excavation had been taken from the Panama canal route. This is just one-fifth of the entire amount that was estimated May 1, 1904, that would be required to be excavated to complete the waterway, viz., 142,000,000 cubic yards in round numbers.

Should the work proceed at the present rate it is estimated the remaining excavation would be completed in three years.

However, it is understood that the work of excavation will not be pushed to completion, but that meanwhile construction of the locks will proceed, the intention of the commission being to finish all parts of the canal construction at about the same time.

Notwithstanding that there were two less working days in February than in January, the amount of excavation on the canal was 733,312 cubic yards greater, the total excavation for February being 2,645,880 cubic yards.

WORK OF THE NATION'S LAWMAKERS.

Crisp Paragraphs That Give the Gist of What is Being Done at Washington.

Washington.—Senator Perkins' bill for an appropriation of \$100,000 for the enlargement of Goat Island light-house depot passed the Senate.

Washington.—Through the efforts of Representatives Kahn and Knowland the Life Saving Bureau has decided to establish and immediately equip a life saving station on the Farallon Islands.

Washington.—The President has nominated Lester Maynard of California, now Consul at Sandakan, British North Borneo, to be Consul at Vladivostok at \$3500, succeeding Paul Nash, who is assigned to Rheims, France.

Washington.—Senator Perkins was greatly pleased when the Senate passed his Calaveras Big Tree bill, providing that the Government land or stumpage may be exchanged for the famous Big Tree grove, which would then be made a forest reserve and a national park. Provision is also made in the bill for citizens of the State of California to contribute money if they desire toward the purchase of the grove. The entire country feels an interest in this bill and a strong effort will be made to get it through the House.

Washington.—The receivers of the Jamestown Exposition Company, with their attorneys, met the House Committee on Naval Affairs and advocated Government purchase of the 350 acres composing the exposition site, to be used by the United States as a naval and coaling station. The price asked is \$2,500,000, and a bill for the purchase has been introduced by Representative Maynard of Virginia. The committee was informed that, in addition to the \$870,000 loan owed to the Government, the company's debts aggregated \$1,000,000, exclusive of liabilities to stockholders, so that the whole of the \$2,500,000 purchase price is needed to straighten out the company's affairs.

Tried to Kill Fresh Negro.

Kansas City.—Mrs. Callie M. Long fired five shots from her revolver at a negro who entered her little restaurant at 516 East Fifteenth street late at night. Two of the bullets took effect, but the negro escaped. The negro had saluted the woman with "How do, honey?" Mrs. Long began firing almost before he had finished his salutation. Mrs. Long was born and reared in Texarkana, Texas. She is a quarter-blood Indian.

White Youth Would Marry Negress.

Oakland.—Max Long, a 19-year-old boy, of Fitchburg, Alameda County, was threatened with a coat of tar and feathers by a company of his neighbors on account of his alleged association with a 14-year-old negress of the same locality, and the youth hurriedly escaped on a car for Oakland. He and the girl have made an effort to wed, but the laws of the state prohibit intermarriage between the black and white races.

Eastern Detectives to Watch Crooks.

San Francisco.—The services of five Eastern detectives will be secured by Chief Biggy to aid the Police Department in apprehending Eastern crooks during the influx of strangers expected upon the arrival of the fleet. The Chief asked the Supervisors for \$2500 to secure the services of detectives from New York, Philadelphia, Denver, St. Louis and Chicago.

Hawaii Wants Another Judge.

Honolulu.—Strong efforts are being made to induce Congress to provide for a second Federal Judge in this Territory. Representations are being made that the amount of business here is growing so rapidly as to require the services of a second Judge.

Killed Sleeping Woman.

Sacramento.—K. Nakanira shot and killed the wife of I. Kuwahara on Third street, between L and M in the latter's apartments, and then committed suicide. The woman was shot while sleeping by the side of her husband.

Machen Again a Free Man.

Wheeling, W. Va.—August W. Machen, the former official of the Post-office Department at Washington who has served a term of several years in the West Virginia penitentiary at Moundsville, was released last week.

Death Takes Labor Counsel.

Denver.—John H. Murphy, general counsel for the Western Federation of Miners and also general counsel for the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, died of consumption at his home in this city after a lingering illness.

Fruit-Growers' Convention.

Riverside.—April 28, 29, 30 and May 1 have been decided upon as the dates for the State fruit growers' convention, which will be held in this city. An elaborate program is being prepared.

CURRENT NEWS OF THE WORLD

Important Events of the Week in
Both Hemispheres Compiled
for Busy Readers.

What Has Happened, What Is Happening, and
What Is Likely to Happen, Related
by Correspondents in Every
Corner of the Earth.

Bellingham, England.—Fire in the Hempstead Colliery caused the death of sixteen miners.

Providence, R. I.—The Democratic State Central Committee endorsed W. J. Bryan and called the State Convention for March 21 at Providence.

Chicago.—A check for \$1,000,000 in payment of back taxes on the estate of the late Marshall Field has been delivered to John R. Thompson, Treasurer of Cook County.

Guayaquil, Ecuador.—Although the existence of bubonic plague here has not yet been officially announced, the disease continues to spread on all sides of the city. There have been twenty-seven cases and twelve deaths.

Helena, Mont.—United States Judge Hunt imposed a sentence of forty-eight hours in jail and \$200 fine on J. E. Hein, a well-known Cascade County ranchman, who pleaded guilty to the charge of fencing Government lands in that section.

El Paso, Texas.—Governor Creel of Chihuahua last week announced the establishment of co-education in the public schools of the State of Chihuahua. This is the first time in the history of Mexico that boys and girls have been allowed to attend the same schools.

Chicago.—An ancient Egyptian tomb, weighing 250 tons, found near the Pyramids, twenty miles from Cairo, is to be removed to Chicago as a specimen for exhibition in the Field Museum of Natural History. It will be taken apart and shipped to America in sections.

Litchfield, Ill.—Two cars of powder carried by a Big Four freight train exploded while the train was running at full speed two miles from here. Two men were fatally injured. The train was badly wrecked and several cars were burned. The concussion shook houses and shattered windows for many miles.

Denver.—Giuseppe Alo, the slayer of Father Leo Heinrichs, is declared absolutely sane in a report submitted to District Attorney George A. Stidger by four experts in mental diseases, who examined the prisoner for several hours. The physicians agree that Alo has no mental delusions whatever and is above the average of intelligence and powers of memory.

Lexington, Ky.—A wealthy Russian has written Edward and Joseph Madden to name a price for their ex-trotting queen Nancy Hanks, withholding his name, but declaring that he wanted to pay a profit above what the mare cost them, and that the money would be found with the Russian Consul in New York. The young turfmen will not sell the mare.

Leavenworth, Kans.—The military automobile, which left New York on Friday, February 18, for Fort Leavenworth, carrying a message from Major-General Frederick D. Grant to commandants of army posts all along the route of the New York to Paris race, was received with great enthusiasm when it entered the post here. The trip from New York was made in fifteen days.

London.—The Sportsman printed a long article protesting against Tommy Burns' "absurd challenge" to fight British boxers in batches. It says that nobody disputes his right to the title of champion of the world, but such tactics are not good "sport" and would only degrade and place in peril the sport of boxing, which with great difficulty has been nursed into the position of a legal pastime.

Des Moines, Iowa.—A complete shut-down of the coal mines in Iowa, worked by 15,000 miners, is threatened. The agreement now existing between the mine operators and the miners expires March 31, and because of the failure of miners and operators in Eastern States to reach an agreement it is probable that the miners and operators, who have heretofore followed the example of the Eastern States, will not be able to make a new agreement before March 31 next.

Washington.—Acting under the positive instructions of President Roosevelt, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor issued a sweeping order to all commissioners of immigration and immigration inspectors in charge, directing them to confer with the police in their respective jurisdictions with a view to securing the "co-operation of the police and detective forces in an effort to rid the country of alien anarchists and criminals falling within the law relative to deportation."

All's Fair In Love.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

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On the veranda of a trim cottage facing the sea Robert Aldrich, tall, fair haired and athletic, sat and gazed at Miss Hildegarde Farney while the latter put up a small sunbrowned hand to hide a yawn.

The night before she had driven ten miles across country to the little town of Brantley, where she had witnessed a performance of strolling players as spiritedly as poor scenery and costumes would allow, and she had been idly dilating to Aldrich on the actors of the piece, the too bombastic tragedian, the amusingly ingenious comedian and the little soubrette who looked like a piece of Dresden china. Aldrich listened with a frown.

"I don't care if your aunt did chaperon you," he burst out. "What I object to is the fact that you went with Percy Graham at all. Every one knows he's a cad."

"Bobby?"

"What right has he to come down here and butt in like this? It just shows what an infernal bouncer he is!"

"He's only been here three days," murmured Miss Farney.

"Yet he's managed to monopolize most of them. See here, Hildegarde, do you think you're playing the game square?"

"Square?"

"Before he came you'd almost promised to marry me."

"Almost, but not quite."

"Oh, Hildegarde," Aldrich groaned. "We've had such jolly times together all summer, and now—" He ground his heel against the porch rail. "Hang me if I can see his attractions! He's as stupid as an owl and as insignificant as—"

"Robert!"

When Hildegarde Farney spoke in that tone it was time to stop. But the thought that was uppermost in both their minds, though unexpressed, was the fact that Percy Graham was the owner of three millions. In these days of large fortunes it was not an astounding sum, yet to Aldrich it loomed large as a mountain. He knew that Hildegarde was what he phrased "straight stuff" and that this latest caprice of hers might not last the week out.

Still, as even the faintest possibility of losing her gave his heart a terrific wrench, and since Hildegarde's aunt, Miss Norris, looked on Percy Graham with an eye of worldly wisdom as well as critical appraisal, it behooved young Robert to see to his laurels, and he knew it.

Percy Graham had money and an abnormal supply of cheek. Aldrich had brains and pluck and an income from his growing law practice of such proportions that he did not hesitate to ask Miss Farney to share it with him.

That Hildegarde should really care for Percy Graham was an idea too preposterous to be countenanced. But alas! There was no sure way of following the labyrinth of the feminine mind. Aldrich straightened suddenly and looked at Hildegarde.

"I was a beast just now," he said quickly. "What I said of Graham is true, but it's not my business to run him down. If you want a good time, go ahead. Only—just remember once in awhile what chums we've been, won't you?" And Aldrich swung himself over the porch rail and smiled back at her as he took his way to the hotel farther down the beach where he was spending his vacation.

As he walked he caught sight of Percy Graham's automobile racing over the smooth sand at the edge of the surf line. As he had turned back to look at Hildegarde, so now he glanced over his shoulder at the speeding car, only in this case his lips opened, not to smile, but to give vent to a volcanic word of one syllable.

Two afternoons later as he went briskly up the nasturtium bordered path that led to Hildegarde's cottage she hailed him from the porch where she and Percy Graham were sitting.

"Why, Bobby," she cried, "where have you been hermiting this perfect age?"

"I've just been asking Miss Farney about you," drawled Percy Graham.

Aldrich glared at him cheerfully.

"Thanks. Always glad to have my friends inquire. Ah, good afternoon, Miss Norris," said Hildegarde's aunt as she appeared in the doorway, while behind her appeared the face of a pretty Irish servant. Miss Norris looked unusually perturbed. "That red haired boy from the village grocery store has been frightening Mary Ellen with absurd tales of a band of gypsies."

"Gypsies! Where?" Hildegarde's face was alight with interest.

"At the back of the pine woods," faltered Mary Ellen. "His kidnappers are there, and 'tis at night they prowl, Thomas says."

"When did they come?" demanded Hildegarde.

"'Twas this morning the terrible creatures pitched their tents. Thomas saw them."

"Trust Thomas for seeing anything in a radius of twenty miles," sighed Miss Norris. "Oh, Hildegarde, you're not going!"

"We're all going, aunts," cried Hildegarde. "In Mr. Graham's car!"

"'Tis flying in the face of evil fortune they are," wailed Mary Ellen, "and 'tis myself that will look up at the doors and sit close by Julia, the cook, till they come back again."

The road through the gipsy camp lay through an undulating bit of country. Flies grew on either hand east-

ing a twilight gloom, deep, cool, impenetrable. Hidden brooks tinkled over moss and pebbles. Bird songs sounded through the stillness as clearly as silver flutes.

Suddenly a turn of the road brought the gipsy camp into view, some three or four tents pitched in a meadow against a background of birch and fir. In the foreground by a huge black caldron sat a weather beaten hag, her black mantle falling about her in witchlike folds, her piercing eyes gazing out from under a shag of grizzly locks.

Other picturesque figures appeared at the tent doors—a dark, somber looking man smoking a long pipe and two comely Romany girls tinkling with metal chains and earrings.

"Fascinating!" whispered Miss Farney.

The weather beaten crone left her seat by the fire and hobbled forward. Simultaneously Graham and Aldrich tossed her a coin with which to cross Miss Farney's hand. She picked up the money, looked at the givers narrowly and then bent to her task.

"What a Romany reads had best be read alone," she muttered, with a twist of her thin lips.

Aldrich laughed.

"I guess we can take a hint, eh, Graham?" he cried, and the two men strolled toward the tents and waited. It was as much as five minutes before Hildegarde and her aunt joined them. Hildegarde quite pale and Miss Norris with a frown between her brows. "I have always said there was something weird about gypsies," said Miss Norris, "and that old woman's knowledge is actually uncanny."

As to what the fortune teller had read, Hildegarde would say nothing, and on the way home she was strangely silent. It was sunset when the motor reached her door. The sea was tinted with rosy light, and gulls were hovering inland. As Percy Graham helped her aunt up the steps with ostentatious care Hildegarde turned to Aldrich.

"Bobby," she breathed, "forgive me! There never was and never will be any one but you."

Aldrich's hand closed over hers hard. "Shall I bring round the car at 8?" said Percy Graham.

"Thanks, no. I have another engagement," said Hildegarde sweetly.

And the self satisfied owner of three millions would have been amazed at the glance that flashed between Hildegarde and Robert Aldrich if he had seen it. He would have been even more amazed had he watched young Aldrich next morning riding off toward the gipsy camp at sunrise.

When he reached it, the old hag of the day before was the first to catch sight of him. She was busily stuffing a grizzled wig and a long black cloak into a bulging suitcase, but she left off packing and went to meet him, smoothing the folds of her blue serge suit.

"Well," she questioned, "how did it come off?"

"The best ever," beamed Aldrich. "I rode over to thank you and bid you goodbye."

The old character actress laughed.

"I thought my palm reading would do the work. Finest part I ever played. Meg Merrilies herself couldn't have surpassed the dark hints I gave about your rival."

"Sir," cried the tragedian, pausing in his work of taking down the tents, "sir, your munificence will always be remembered by a band of strolling-players who, save for it, would be walking the ties from Brantley."

And he lightly tapped his pocket, wherein reposed a goodly number of Aldrich's crisp greenbacks.

As the latter bowed and smiled and rode away the little Dresden china soubrette snapped the last of her gipsy bangles into her trunk and closed the lid.

"All's fair in love and war," she commented tritely. "Originality beats money every time."

Not Gaining Any.

Long division, a writer in the New York Sun declares, is the Waterloo of most of the middle aged women who apply for city positions. One woman took some time off from work to learn how to do long division. The teacher told her a million times, more or less, that when the divisor would not go into the dividend she must put a cipher in the answer.

One day the teacher came along and looked over her shoulder and saw fourteen or fifteen ciphers in the result, while the correct answer could not have more than three figures in it. The teacher was patient with her and asked her where she got all those ciphers.

"Why," she said, looking slightly worried, "you told me that when the divisor wouldn't go to put down a cipher, and I wouldn't go all these times, and I haven't got to the end yet and don't see as I'm gaining on it a bit."

When Temperance Was a Crime.

"Temperance in India at the beginning of the English occupation was a crime," said a clergyman. "Medical men believed in those days that a white man could not live in India without drinking. They thought he needed a half pint of whisky or its equivalent every day, and they insisted on his taking it. Temperance societies, total abstinence and the signaling of the pledge were things forbidden in India. Such things were thought injurious to the white man's health out there; hence to go in for them was to be arrested, fined, imprisoned, banished. But today in India total abstinence is encouraged, for it has been found that the abstainer stands the heat far better than does the man who drinks."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

NEW BOOK ON BIRDS.

William Lovell Finley Publishes "American Birds," Photographed and Studied From Life.

A book of intense interest and great value to bird lovers and students and one of more than passing interest to the general reader is William Lovell Finley's "American Birds," a book just issued by the Charles Scribner Sons. To those of this valley the book has also a peculiar interest in that its writer was born in Santa Clara, being the son of J. P. Finley, so long connected with the Santa Clara Mill, and a nephew of Mrs. B. Campbell and Mrs. M. Clark. He is well and favorably known here, having visited our town often.

Mr. Finley is a Berkeley graduate, having also taken a post-graduate course at the University of California. In '87 he went to Portland to live and about two years ago was married in Santa Monica to Miss Irene Barnhart, who is also a Berkeley graduate. She has been sympathetically associated with her husband in his study of birds, and in the prefatory notes he acknowledges her assistance and also that of Mr. Herman T. Bohlman of Portland, who, he says, "has been my constant companion and helper in the field every summer for the past ten years." Mr. Bohlman assists Mr. Finley in the taking of the photographs of the birds which is one of the most valuable as well as most interesting parts of the study.

Mr. Finley devotes his entire time to the study of birds. Every summer he gives a course of lectures in the East and is a constant contributor to the best magazines on topics connected with bird life. Mr. Finley easily ranks with the best authorities on this subject, even being a leader among them.

Many of the studies were made in the West, California having a large share of them. It is difficult to say which is the more attractive the text or the illustrations of "American Birds." The photographs of the birds are beautifully reproduced, and there is a wealth of them. These photographic studies show faithfully and unerringly the story of the life of the bird studied, and are the strongest possible corroboration of Mr. Finley's notes.

The illustrations in the book number several hundred, many of them being full page, while in other instances a group of two or three photographs forming the page.

"American Birds," it will be thus inferred is a reference book of great worth and should find a place in all school as well as home libraries.

Real Estate Transfers.

E. E. Phelps et ux to Mrs. Alice Smith—Lot 3 B. 1, Sunnyside Tract, Campbell, \$10.

J. B. Strong et ex to Ellen R. Herbert—E. Central avenue, 220 N. Grant street, N. 102½ x 140 feet, Campbell, \$10.

L. H. Sly et ux to J. W. Lancaster—Lots 48 and 49, Sly sub, near Campbell, \$10.

The W. C. T. U. Institute on Monday and Tuesday proved highly instructive and interesting. On Monday evening Rev. Atkinson gave an inspiring address and on Tuesday evening interesting addresses were made by Mrs. Bainbridge and Rev. Kellogg. Aside from the speaking an interesting program was given.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

A recent ruling by the Postoffice Department, backed by an order of the Postmaster General, affects the newspapers in the whole country, and subscribers thereof as well. Here is the order by which publishers must be governed hereafter.

"A reasonable time will be allowed to publishers to secure renewals of subscriptions, but unless subscriptions are expressly renewed after the term for which they are paid (weeklies within one year) they shall not be counted in the legitimate list of subscribers, and copies mailed on account thereof shall not be accepted for mailing at the second-class postage rate of one cent a pound, but may be mailed at the transient second-class postage rate of one cent for each four ounces or fraction thereof, prepaid by stamps affixed."

This order went into effect on January 1st, but in order not to embarrass publishers who carry subscribers for longer periods, and enable them to get their subscription accounts settled up, postmasters, whose duty it is to enforce the order, are permitted to exercise discretionary judgment relative thereto till April 1st, after which the order must be rigidly enforced.

This ruling makes it absolutely necessary for all subscribers who are a year in arrears to pay up at once or subject themselves to pay a greater rate of subscription to cover the additional rate of postage—which in the case of this paper will be 50 cents per annum, or \$1.50 per annum instead of \$1.00.

Subscribers will govern themselves accordingly, promptly paying up all delinquencies, thereby avoiding the extra amount as penalty.

CALLED BY THE REAPER.

Rev. William A. Kennedy Passes Away After a Long Illness.—Had Lived Here Since Young Man.

Rev. William A. Kennedy passed to the life beyond last Friday forenoon. For some time he had been steadily failing and the end came as a relief, after a long illness, during which time all the medical skill obtainable and kindly ministrations of devoted ones were freely given.

The funeral services were held from the Methodist church Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, Rev. J. F. Kellogg having charge, assisted by Rev. Winning of Los Gatos, Rev. Buxton of Almaden, Rev. Atkinson, Rev. Lewis and Rev. Beacock.

The church edifice was filled with many friends from Campbell and surrounding country, as well as from San Jose, Evergreen, and Palo Alto. The floral pieces were beautiful. The special music was rendered by the choir and Mr. and Mrs. Hurlbert sang "My Father Knows."

The pastor, Rev. Kellogg, paid a high tribute to the character of deceased, saying in part:

"The saying of our great church founder 'our people die well' was never more forcefully illustrated than in the case of our brother whose home going we celebrate to-day."

"William Alexander Kennedy was born in Buchanan County, Missouri, April 19, 1858. He came, a part of a large family, to California, pioneering across the country with mule team in 1863."

"He came to Campbell when a young man of 23 and immediately identified himself with all that stood for the best interests of the community."

"He had been soundly converted when a boy of 15, and in his early young manhood received and accepted a clear call to the ministry. When, under the leadership of Rev. George Beatty, the Methodist Church was organized in Campbell he was one of its charter members."

"To better fit himself for his life work he entered the Academy of the University of the Pacific, where he spent eight years, graduating with honor in the class of 1889. While a student there he greatly assisted the home church by serving as its first class-leader and first Sunday-school superintendent."

"In 1890 he was married to Miss Bessie Carr Hyde, daughter of Rev. W. P. Hyde, an honored supernumate of our church, residing at Palo Alto. He joined the California Conference in 1894. His first appointment was at Pescadero, where he served two years. They moved next to Evergreen in Santa Clara County where a very happy and successful pastorate of nearly four years was spent—the memory of which is still held in high regard by a grateful people. While living at Evergreen he also supplied Alviso and the Willows. Willows was later dropped and Sunnyvale taken up in its place. The severe strain of this hard circuit, ridden mostly on his wheel, broke his health and in the latter part of his fourth year at Evergreen he gave up, took a supernumary relation, went to Denver, Col., where he remained nearly two years and returned, apparently cured, and hopeful of resuming his work. But his disease, tuberculosis laryngitis, was treacherous, and his voice was gone. He was obliged to relinquish his cherished hopes of a long life in the ministry. From that time until a year ago he engaged in various secular pursuits in Berkeley, Los Gatos and Campbell, never once losing sight of his Master, never once for an instant going out of reach of his loving call, nor for a moment losing his full assurance of full personal and present salvation."

"When he felt that the fight for his life was all unavailing, he came back to his home in Campbell, where surrounded by those who knew and loved him best, he quietly and bravely waited for the end."

Rev. Winning spoke as one knowing deceased since the time of his entering college, and told of his admirable life. The pall bearers were Joseph Bohnett, J. F. Duncan, P. W. Keith, S. G. Rodeck, J. H. Campbell and

The interment took place at Cypress Lawn cemetery.

The deceased leaves besides the devoted wife and little daughter, a brother, R. W. Kennedy, and a sister, Mrs. W. F. Duncan, who have the sympathy of the community in their bereavement.

Word comes from San Juan that the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore Duncan accidentally shot himself a few days ago, proving fatal. The sympathy of the many friends here is with the bereaved family in this great sorrow.

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SOCIETIES.

Masonic Notice
Charity Lodge, No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Cal. State meeting held on the second Monday of each month.
S. R. WADE, Master.
GEORGE S. ROBSON, Secretary.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Morning Light Lodge, No. 42, meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
W. W. BRATTIE, Noble Grand.
R. E. GATES, Secretary.

Rebekahs
Ada Rebekah Lodge, No. 223, I. O. O. F., meets the first and third Tuesday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning sisters and brothers are cordially invited to attend.
Mrs. W. W. DUNHAM, Noble Grand
MRS. ETHEL HILLS, Secretary.

Patrons of Husbandry
Orchard City Grange, No. 333, meets on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.
A. C. KEESLING, Worthy Master.
MRS. O. A. PUTNAM, Worthy Secretary.

Woodmen of the World
Camp Moorpark, No. 671, meets on the first and third Saturday evenings of each month in Odd Fellows Hall. All sojourning members are invited to attend.
ALFRED BULMORE, Council Com. L. W. HUTCHINS, Clerk.

Fraternities Association
Palm Leaf Council, No. 560, meets on the second and fourth Saturday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.
Mrs. M. J. WILSON, President
MRS. H. E. BRANDENBURG, Secretary.

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Notice of Time Set for Probate of Will.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY OF SANTA CLARA, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the matter of the Estate of Samuel F. Cooper, Deceased.

A document purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Samuel F. Cooper, deceased, having on the 2nd day of March, A. D. 1908, come into the possession of said Superior Court, and a petition for the Probate thereof and for the issuance of letters Testamentary to Charles N. Cooper and John F. Duncan having been filed by said Charles N. Cooper and John F. Duncan with me, the Clerk of said Court, notice is hereby given that Friday, the 20th day of March, A. D. 1908, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court room of said Court, at the Court House, in the City of San Jose, in the County of Santa Clara, has been set as the time and place for proving the Will of said Samuel F. Cooper, deceased, and for hearing the application of said petitioners for the issuance to them of Letters Testamentary, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same.

Given under my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, this 2nd day of March, 1908.

HENRY A. PFISTER, Clerk.

[SEAL] By W. DENKER, Deputy Clerk.

L. D. BOHNETT, Attorney for Petitioners.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF JAMES R. GARVEY, DECEASED. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of James R. Garvey, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this Notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business for all matters pertaining to said estate, to wit: the law office of George W. Waldorf, Rooms 45 and 46, in the Rea Building, in the City of San Jose, in the County of Santa Clara, State of California.

San Jose, this 14th day of January, A. D. 1908.

B. E. KELL, Administrator of the Estate of James R. Garvey, Deceased.

GEORGE W. WALDORF, Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF MILTON H. MYRICK, DECEASED. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Milton H. Myrick, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this Notice, to the said Administrator at the office of E. L. Rhodes, Rooms 30-31, Theater Building, San Jose, in the County of Santa Clara, State of California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the County of Santa Clara.

San Jose, this 17th day of February, A. D. 1908.

EMMA A. MYRICK, Administratrix of the Estate of Milton H. Myrick, Deceased.

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RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

TOWARD SAN FRANCISCO

6:32 a. m., Daily (including Sunday) to San Francisco, via Oakland.

7:10 a. m., Daily (except Sunday) to San Francisco, via Palo Alto.

7:30 a. m., New Almaden to San Jose, Mixed. 2:45 p. m., Freight.

3:10 p. m., Daily (including Sunday) to San Francisco, via Oakland.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO

8:26 a